THE IRISH WIDOW.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

AUDACES FACIENT AMOR—— OVID.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. [illegible] the Corner of the Adelphi, in [illegible] 1781.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Mrs. BARRY.

MADAM,

AFTER returning my thanks to the Performers of this Farce, for the great juſtice they have done me, I muſt beg leave to addreſs myſelf in particular to *you*.

As your wiſhes produced the piece, and your performance has raiſed it into ſome conſequence, to whom can it be ſo properly addreſs'd? You was before rank'd in the firſt claſs of our Theatrical Geniuſes, and now you have the additional Merit of tranſforming the GRECIAN DAUGHTER into the IRISH WIDOW, that is, of ſinking *to the loweſt note, from the top of the compaſs!*

Permit

Permit me, Madam, like other Coxcombs, to boaſt ſome favours I have received—You perform the principal character, ſome news-papers have criticis'd the Farce, and the audiences have laugh'd heartily at it. Were not I as fenſible as the ſevereſt Critic of them all, that it is a trifle not worth the owning, I ſhould ſubſcribe my real name, inſtead of,

A LETTER, MADAM, My thanks to the Performers of this Farce, for the great juſtice they have done it, muſt beg leave to addreſs myſelf in particular to you.

Your great admirer,

And humble ſervant,

As your wiſhes produced the piece, and your performance has raiſed it into ſome reputation, whom can it be ſo properly addreſs'd? You was before rank'd in the firſt claſs of our Theatrical Genuſes, and now you have the additional Merit of tranſforming the GRECIAN DAUGHTER into the IRISH WIDOW, that is, of ſinking to the loweſt note, from the top of the com-

The AUTHOR.

Permit

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir Patrick O'Neale,	Mr. Moody.
Whittle,	Mr. Parsons.
Nephew,	Mr. Cautherley.
Bates,	Mr. Baddeley.
Keckſey,	Mr. Dodd.
Thomas,	Mr. Weston.
Footman,	Mr. Griffiths.
Widow Brady,	Mrs. Barry.

To

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Patrick O'Neale,	Mr. Moody.
Wilful,	Mr. Parsons.
Stephen,	Mr. Cautherley.
Bates,	Mr. Baddeley.
Heckley,	Mr. Dodd.
Thomas,	Mr. Wrighton.
Postman,	Mr. Griffiths.
Widow Brady,	Mrs. Barry.

IRISH WIDOW.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Whittle's House.*

Enter BATES *and* SERVANT.

BATES.

IS he gone out? his card tells me to come directly —I did but lock up ſome papers, take my hat and cane, and away I hurried.

SERVANT.

My maſter deſires you will ſit down, he will return immediately---he had ſome buſineſs with his lawyer, and went out in great haſte, leaving the meſſage I have deliver'd. Here is my young maſter.

[*Exit* Servant.

Enter NEPHEW.

BATES.

What lively BILLY!---hold, I beg your pardon---melancholy WILLIAM I think---here's a fine revolution ---I hear your Uncle, who was laſt month all gravity, and you all mirth, have chang'd characters; he is now all ſpirit, and you are in the dumps, young man.

NEPHEW.

NEPHEW.

And for the ſame reaſon—This journey to Scarborough will unfold the riddle.

BATES.

Come, come, in plain Engliſh, and before your uncle comes—explain the matter.

NEPHEW.

In the firſt place I am undone.

BATES.

In love I know—I hope your uncle is not undone too—that would be the devil!

NEPHEW.

He has taken poſſeſſion of him in every ſenſe. In ſhort, he came to Scarborough to ſee the lady I had fallen in love with——

BATES.

And fell in love himſelf?

NEPHEW.

Yes, and with the ſame lady.

BATES.

That is the devil indeed!

NEPHEW.

O, Mr. Bates! when I thought my happineſs complete, and wanted only my Uncle's conſent, to give me the independance he ſo often has promiſ'd me, he came to Scarborough for that purpoſe, and wiſh'd me joy of my choice; but in leſs than a week, his approbation turned into a paſſion for her; he now hates the ſight of me, and is reſolv'd, with the conſent of the father, to make her his wife directly.

BATES.

So he keeps you out of your fortune, won't give his conſent, which his Brother's fooliſh will requires, and

and he would marry himſelf the ſame woman, becauſe right, title, conſcience, nature, juſtice, and every law, divine and human, are againſt it.

NEPHEW.

Thus he tricks me at once both of wife and fortune, without the leaſt want of either.

BATES.

Well ſaid, friend WHITTLE! but it can't be, it ſhan't be, and it muſt not be—this is murder and robbery in the ſtrongeſt ſenſe, and he ſhan't be hang'd in chains to be laugh'd at by the whole town, if I can help it.

NEPHEW.

I am diſtracted, the Widow is diſtreſs'd, and we both ſhall run mad.

BATES.

A Widow too! 'gad a mercy, threeſcore and five!

NEPHEW.

But ſuch a Widow! ſhe is now in town with her father, who wants to get her off his hands; 'tis equal to him who has her, ſo ſhe is provided for—I hear ſomebody coming—I muſt away to her lodgings, where ſhe waits for me to execute a ſcheme directly for our delivery.

BATES.

What is her name, BILLY?

NEPHEW.

BRADY.

BATES.

BRADY! is not ſhe daughter to Sir PATRICK O'NEALE?

NEPHEW.

The ſame. She was ſacrific'd to the moſt ſenſeleſs, drunken profligate in the whole country: He lived to run out his fortune, and the only advantage

ſhe got from the union was, he broke that and his neck, before he had broke her heart.

BATES.

The affair of marriage is in this country put upon the eaſieſt footing; there is neither love or hate in the matter; neceſſity brings them together; they are united at firſt for their mutual convenience, and ſeparated ever after for their particular pleaſures—O rare matrimony!—Where does ſhe lodge?

NEPHEW.

In Pall-Mall, near the Hotel.

BATES.

I'll call in my way, and aſſiſt at the conſultation; I am for a bold ſtroke, if gentle methods ſhould fail.

NEPHEW.

We have a plan, and a ſpirited one, if my ſweet Widow is able to go through it—pray let us have your friendly aſſiſtance—ours is the cauſe of love and reaſon.

BATES.

Get you gone, with your love and reaſon, they ſeldom pull together now-a-days—I'll give your Uncle a doſe firſt, and then I'll meet you at the Widow's—what ſays your Uncle's privy counſeller, Mr. THOMAS, to this?

NEPHEW.

He is greatly our friend, and will enter ſincerely into our ſervice—he is honeſt, ſenſible, ignorant and particular, a kind of half coxcomb, with a thorough good heart—but he's here.

BATES.

Do you go about your buſineſs, and leave the reſt to me. [*Exit* Nephew.

Enter

Enter THOMAS.

Mr. THOMAS, I am glad to ſee you; upon my word you look charmingly—you wear well, Mr. THOMAS.

THOMAS.

Which is a wonder, conſidering how times go, Mr. BATES—they'll wear and tear me too, if I don't take care of myſelf—my old maſter has taken the neareſt way to wear himſelf out, and all that belong to him.

BATES.

Why ſurely this ſtrange ſtory about town is not true, that the old gentleman is fall'n in love?

THOMAS.

Ten times worſe than that!

BATES.

The devil!

THOMAS.

And his horns—going to be married!

BATES.

Not if I can help it.

THOMAS.

You never ſaw ſuch an alter'd man in your born days!—he's grown young again; he friſks, and prances, and runs about, as if he had a new pair of legs—he has left off his brown camlet ſurtout, which he wore all ſummer, and now with his hat under his arm, he goes open breaſted, and he dreſſes, and powders, and ſmirks, ſo that you would take him for the mad Frenchman in Bedlam—ſomething wrong in his upper ſtory—would you think it?—he wants me to wear a pig-tail!

BATES.

Than he is far gone indeed!

THOMAS.

As ſure as you are there, Mr. BATES, a pig-tail! —we have had ſad work about it—I made a compromiſe with him to wear theſe ruffled ſhirts which he gave me; but they ſtand in my way—I am not ſo liſtneſs with them—tho' I have ty'd up my hands for him, I won't tie up my head, that I am reſolute.

BATES.

This it is to be in love, THOMAS?

THOMAS.

He may make free with himſelf, he ſhan't make a fool of me—he has got his head into a bag, but I won't have a pig-tail tack'd to mine—and ſo I told him——

BATES.

What did you tell him?

THOMAS.

That as I, and my father, and his father before me, had wore their own hair as heaven had ſent it, I thought myſelf rather too old to ſet up for a monkey at my time of life, and wear a pig-tail—he! he! he!—he took it.

BATES.

With a wry face, for it was wormwood.

THOMAS

Yes, he was frump'd, and call'd me old block-head, and would not ſpeak to me the reſt of the day—but the next day he was at it again—he then put me into a paſſion—and I could not help telling him, that I was an Engliſhman born, and had my prerogative as well as he, and that as long as I had breath in my body, I was for liberty, and a ſtrait head of hair!

BATES.

BATES.

Well ſaid THOMAS—he could not anſwer that.

THOMAS.

The pooreſt man in England is a match for the greateſt, if he will but ſtick to the laws of the land, and the ſtatue books, as they are delivered down from us to our fore-fathers,

BATES.

You are right—we muſt lay our wits together, and drive the Widow out of your old maſter's head, and put her into your young maſter's hands.

THOMAS.

With all my heart—nothing can be more meritorious—marry at his years! what a terrible account would he make of it, Mr. BATES!—let me ſee—on the debtor ſide ſixty-five—and per contra creditor a buxom Widow of twenty-three—He'll be a bankrupt in a fortnight——he! he! he!

BATES.

And ſo he would, Mr. THOMAS—what have you got in your hand?

THOMAS.

A pamphlet my old gentleman takes in—he has left of buying hiſtories and religious pieces by numbers, as he uſed to do; and ſince he has got this Widow in his head, he reads nothing but the Amorous Repoſitory, Cupid's Revels, Call to marriage, Hymen's Delights, Love lies a Bleeding, Love in the Suds, and ſuch like tender compoſitions.

BATES.

Here he comes, with all his folly about him.

THOMAS.

THOMAS.

Yes, and the firſt fool from vanity fair—Heav'n help us—love turns man and woman topſy turvy!

[*Exit* Thomas.

WHITTLE *(without.)*

Where is he? where is my good friend?

Enter WHITTLE.

Ha! here he is—give me your hand.

BATES.

I am glad to ſee you in ſuch ſpirits, my old gentleman.

WHITTLE.

Not ſo old neither—no man ought to be called old, friend BATES, if he is in health, ſpirits, and——

BATES.

In his ſenſes—which I ſhould rather doubt, as I never ſaw you half ſo frolickſome in my life.

WHITTLE.

Never too old to learn, friend; and if I don't make uſe of my philoſophy now, I may wear it out in twenty years—I have been always banter'd as of too grave a caſt—you know when I ſtudy'd at Lincoln's-Inn, they uſed to call me Young Wiſdom.

BATES.

And if they ſhould call you Old Folly, it will be a much worſe name.

WHITTLE.

No young jackanapes dares to call me ſo, while I have this friend at my ſide. *(Touches his ſword.)*

BATES.

A hero too! what in the name of common ſenſe is come to you, my friend?—high ſpirits, quick honour,

honour, a long ſword, and a bag!—you want nothing but to be terribly in love, and then you may ſally forth Knight of the Woeful Countenance. Ha! ha! ha!

WHITTLE.

Mr. BATES—the ladies, who are the beſt judges of countenances, are not of your opinion; and unleſs you'll be a little ſerious, I muſt beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and I'll open my mind to ſome more attentive friend.

BATES.

Well, come unlock then, you wild, handſome, vigorous young dog you—I will pleaſe you if I can.

WHITTLE.

I believe you never ſaw me look better, FRANK, did you?

BATES.

O yes, rather better forty years ago.

WHITTLE.

What, when I was at Merchant Taylors School?

BATES.

At Lincoln's-Inn, TOM.

WHITTLE.

It can't be—I never diſguiſe my age, and next February, I ſhall be fifty-four.

BATES.

Fifty four! why I am ſixty, and you always lick'd me at ſchool——though I believe I could do as much for you now, and 'ecod I believe you deſerve it too.

WHITTLE.

I tell you I am in my fifty-fifth year.

BATES.

BATES.

O, you are—let me ſee—we were together at Cambridge, Anno Domini twenty-five which is near fifty years ago—you came to the college indeed ſurprizingly young, and what is more ſurprizing, by this calculation you went to ſchool before you was born—you was always a forward child.

WHITTLE.

I ſee there is no talking or conſulting with you, in this humour, and ſo, Mr. Bates, when you are in temper to ſhew leſs of your wit, and more of your friendſhip, I ſhall conſult with you.

BATES.

Fare you well, my old boy—young fellow, I mean—when you have done ſowing your wild oats, and have been bliſtered into your right ſenſes; when you have half kill'd yourſelf with being a beau, and return to your woollen caps, flannel waiſtcoats, worſted ſtockings, cork ſoles, and gallochies, I am at your ſervice again; ſo bon jour to you, Monſieur Fifty-four, ha! ha! [*Exit.*

WHITTLE.

He has certainly heard of my affair—but he is old and peeviſh—he wants ſpirits, and ſtrength of conſtitution to conceive my happineſs—I am in love with the Widow, and muſt have her: Every man knows his own wants—let the world laugh, and my friends ſtare; let 'em call me imprudent, and mad, if they pleaſe—I live in good times, and among people of faſhion, ſo none of my neighbours, thank heaven, can have the aſſurance to laugh at me.

Enter

Enter OLD KECKSY.

KECK.

What my friend WHITTLE! joy! joy! to you, old boy—you are going, a going! a going! a fine Widow has bid for you, and will have you—hah, friend? all for the beſt—there is nothing like it—hugh! hugh! hugh!—a good wife is a good thing and a young one is a better—hah—who's afraid? If I had not lately married one, I ſhould have been at death's door by this time—hugh! hugh! hugh!

WHITTLE.

Thank, thank you, friend!—I was coming to adviſe with you—I am got into the pound again—in love up to the ears—a fine woman, faith; and there's no love loſt between us—am I right, friend?

KECK.

Right! ay, right as my leg, TOM! Life's nothing without love—hugh! hugh!—I am happy as the day's long! my wife loves gadding, and I can't ſtay at home, ſo we are both of a mind—ſhe's every night at one or other of the garden places; but among friends, I am a little afraid of the damp; hugh! hugh! hugh! ſhe has got an Iriſh gentleman a kind of couſin of her's, to take care of her; a fine fellow; and ſo good natur'd—It is a vaſt comfort to have ſuch a friend in a family! Hugh! hugh! hugh!

WHITTLE.

You are a bold man, couſin KECKSY.

KECK.

Bold! ay to be ſure; none but the brave deſerve the fair—Hugh! hugh! who's afraid!

WHITTLE.

Why your wife is five feet ten.

KECK.

Without her shoes. I hate your little shrimps; none of your lean meagre French frogs for me; I was always fond of the majestic; give me a slice of a good English surloin; cut and come again; hugh! hugh! hugh! that's my taste.

WHITTLE.

I'm glad you have so good a stomach—and so you would advise me to marry the Widow directly?

KECK.

To be sure—you have not a moment to lose; I always mind what the poet says,

'Tis folly to lose time,
When man is in his prime:

Hugh! hugh! hugh!

WHITTLE.

You have an ugly cough, cousin.

KECK.

Marriage is the best lozenge for it.

WHITTLE.

You have raised me from the dead—I am glad you came—FRANK BATES had almost killed me with his jokes—but you have comforted me, and we will walk thro' the park; and I will carry you to the Widow in Pall-mall.

KECK.

With all my heart——I'll raise her spirits, and your's too—courage, TOM—come along——who's afraid? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *the* WIDOW's *Lodging*.

Enter WIDOW, NEPHEW, *and* BATES.

BATES.

Indeed, madam, there is no other way but to caſt off your real character, and aſſume a feign'd one; it is an extraordinary occaſion, and requires extraordinary meaſures; pluck up a ſpirit, and do it for the honour of your ſex.

NEPHEW.

Only conſider, my ſweet Widow, that our all is at ſtake.

WIDOW.

Could I bring my heart to act contrary to its feelings, would not you hate me for being a hypocrite, tho' it is done for your ſake?

NEPHEW.

Could I think myſelf capable of ſuch ingratitude——

WIDOW.

Don't make fine ſpeeches; you men are ſtrange creatures, you turn our heads to your purpoſes, and then deſpiſe us for the folly you teach us; 'tis hard to aſſume a character contrary to my diſpoſition; I cannot get rid of my unfaſhionable prejudices, 'till I have been married in England ſome time, and lived among my betters.

NEPHEW.

Thou charming adorable woman! what ſhall we do then? I never wiſh'd for a fortune till this moment.

WIDOW.

Could we live upon affection, I would give your fortune to your Uncle, and thank him for taking it; and then——

NEPHEW.

NEPHEW.

What then, my ſweet Widow?

WIDOW.

I would deſire you to run away with me as faſt as you can—what a pity it is, that this money, which my heart deſpiſes, ſhould hinder its happineſs, or that for want of a few dirty acres, a poor woman muſt be made miſerable, and ſacrificed twice to thoſe who have them.

NEPHEW.

Heaven forbid! theſe exquiſite ſentiments endear you more to me, and diſtract me with the dread of loſing you.

BATES.

Young folks; let an old man, who is not quite in love, and yet will admire a fine woman to the day of his death, throw in a little advice among your flames and darts.

WIDOW.

Tho' a woman, a widow, and in love too, I can hear reaſon, Mr. BATES.

BATES.

And that's a wonder—you have no time to loſe; for want of a jointure you are ſtill your father's ſlave; he is obſtinate, and has promis'd you to the old man: Now, madam, if you will not riſe ſuperior to your ſex's weakneſs, to ſecure a young fellow inſtead of an old one, your eyes are a couple of hypocrites.

WIDOW.

They are a couple of traytors I'm ſure, and have led their miſtreſs into a toil, for which all her wit cannot releaſe her.

NEPHEW.

But it can if you will but exert it; my Uncle ador'd and fell in love with you for your beauty, ſoftneſs

ſoftneſs and almoſt ſpeechleſs reſerve. Now, if amidſt all his rapturous ideas of your delicacy, you would bounce upon him a wild, ranting, buxom widow; he will grow ſick of his bargain, and give me a fortune to take you off his hands.

WIDOW.

I ſhall make a very bad actreſs.

NEPHEW.

You are an excellent mimic; aſſume but the character of your Iriſh female neighbour in the country, with which you aſtoniſhed us ſo agreeably at Scarborough; you will frighten my Uncle into terms, and do that for us, which neither my love nor your virtue, can accompliſh without it.

WIDOW.

Now for a trial—*(mimicking a ſtrong brogue)*—fait and trot, if you will be after bringing me before the old Jontleman, if he loves muſick, I will trate his ears with a little of the brogue, and ſome dancing too into the bargain, if he loves capering—O bleſs me! my heart fails me, and I am frightened out of my wits; I can never go through it.

(NEPHEW *and* BATES *both laugh.*

NEPHEW, *kneeling and kiſſing her hand.*

O 'tis admirable! love himſelf inſpires you, and we ſhall conquer; what ſay you, Mr. BATES?

BATES.

I'll inſure you ſucceſs; I can ſcarce believe my own ears; ſuch a tongue and a brogue would make Hercules tremble at five-and-twenty; but away, away, and give him the firſt broadſide in the Park; there you'll find him hobbling with that old cuckold, KECKSY.

WIDOW.

WIDOW.

But will my dreſs ſuit the character I play?

NEPHEW.

The very thing; is your retinue ready, and your part got by heart?

WIDOW.

All is ready; 'tis an act of deſpair to puniſh folly, and reward merit: 'tis the laſt effort of pure honourable love; and if every woman would exert the ſame ſpirit for the ſame out-of-faſhion rarity, there would be leſs buſineſs for Doctors Commons: Now let the criticks laugh at me if they dare.

[*Exit with ſpirit.*

NEPHEW.

Brava? braviſſima! ſweet widow! [*Exit after her.*

BATES.

Huzza! huzza! *Exit.*

SCENE, *the Park.*

Enter WHITTLE *and* KECKSY.

WHITTLE.

Yes, yes, ſhe is Iriſh, but ſo modeſt, ſo mild, and ſo tender, and juſt enough of the accent to give a peculiar ſweetneſs to her words, which drop from her in monoſyllables, with ſuch a delicate reſerve, that I ſhall have all the comfort, without the impertinence of a wife.

KECK.

There our taſte differs, friend; I am for a lively ſmart girl in my houſe, hugh! hugh! to keep up my ſpirits, and make me merry; I don't admire dumb waiters, not I, no ſtill-life for me; I love the prittle prattle, it ſets me to ſleep, and I can take a ſound nap, while my Sally and her couſin are running and playing about the houſe like young cats.

WHITTLE.

WHITTLE.

I am for no cats in my houſe; I cannot ſleep with a noiſe; the Widow was made on purpoſe for me; ſhe is ſo baſhful, has no acquaintance, and ſhe never would ſtir out of doors, if her friends were not afraid of a conſumption, and ſo force her into the air: Such a delicate creature! you ſhall ſee her; you were always for a tall, chattering, friſky wench; now for my part I am with the old ſaying,

Wife a mouſe,
Quiet houſe;
Wife a cat,
Dreadful that.

KECK.

I don't care for your ſayings—who's afraid?

WHITTLE.

There goes BATES, let us avoid him, he will only be joking with us; when I have taken a ſerious thing into my head, I can't bear to have it laugh'd out again. This way, friend KECKSY—what have we got here?

KECK. (*looking out*)

Some fine prancing wench, with her lovers and footmen about her; ſhe's a gay one by her motions.

WHITTLE.

Were ſhe not ſo flaunting, I ſhould take it for—No, it is impoſſible; and yet is not that my Nephew with her? I forbad him ſpeaking to her; it can't be the Widow; I hope it is not.

Enter WIDOW *followed by* NEPHEW, *three* Footmen *and a black* Boy.

WIDOW.

Dont bother me, young man with your darts, your cupids, and your pangs; if you had half of 'em about

about you, that you ſwear you have, they would have cur'd you, by killing you, long ago. Would you have me faitleſs to your Uncle, hah! young man? Was not I faitful to you, 'till I was order'd to be faitful to him? but I muſt know more of your Engliſh ways, and live more among the Engliſh Ladies, to learn how to be faitful to two at a time—and ſo there's my anſwer for you.

NEPHEW.

Then I know my relief, for I cannot live without you [*Exit.*

WIDOW.

Take what relief you plaſe, young Jontleman, what have I to do with dat? He is certainly mad, or out of his ſinſes, for he ſwears he can't *live* without me, and yet he talks of *killing* himſelf? how does he make out dat? If a countryman of mine had made ſuch a blunder, they would have put it into all the news-papers, and Faulkner's Journal beſide; but an Engliſhman may look over the hedge, while an Iriſhman muſt not ſtale a horſe.

KECK.

Is this the Widow, friend WHITTLE?

WHITTLE.

I don't know, (*ſighing*) it is, and it is not.

WIDOW.

Your ſervant Mr. WHITTOL; I wiſh you would ſpake to your Nephew not to be whining and dangling after me all day in his green coat like a parrot: It is not for my reputation that he ſhould follow me about like a beggar-man and aſk me for what I had given him long ago, but have ſince beſtowed upon you, Mr. WHITTOL.

WHITTLE.

He is an impudent beggar, and ſhall be really ſo, for his diſobedience.

WIDOW.

WIDOW.

As he can't live without me, you know, it will be charity to ſtarve him: I wiſh the poor young man dead with all my heart, as he thinks it will do him a grate dale of good.

KECK. (*to* WHITTLE.)

She is tender, indeed! and I think ſhe has the brogue a little— hugh! hugh!

WHITTLE.

'Tis ſtronger to day than ever I heard it (*ſtaring.*

WIDOW.

And are you now talking of my brogue? It is always the moſt fulleſt when the wind is aeſterly; it has the ſame effect upon me, as upon ſtammering people—they can't ſpake for their impediment, and my tongue is fix'd ſo looſe in my mouth, I can't ſtop it for the life of me.

WHITTLE.

What a terrible misfortune, friend KECKSY!

KECK.

Not at all; the more tongue the better ſay I.

WIDOW.

When the wind changes I have no brogue at all, at all. But come, Mr. WHITTOL, don't let us be vulgar and talk of our poor relations: It is impoſſible to be in this metropolis of London, and have any thought but of Operas, Plays, Maſquerades, and Pantaons, to keep up one's ſpirits in the winter; and Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marybone fireworks, to cool and refreſh one in the ſummer.— La! la! la! (*ſings.*

WHITTLE.

I proteſt ſhe puts me into a ſweat; we ſhall have a mob about us.

about you, that you ſwear you have, they would have cur'd you, by killing you, long ago: Would you have me faitleſs to your Uncle, hah! young man? Was not I faitful to you, 'till I was order'd to be faitful to him? but I muſt know more of your Engliſh ways, and live more among the Engliſh Ladies, to learn how to be faitful to two at a time—and ſo there's my anſwer for you.

NEPHEW.

Then I know my relief, for I cannot live without you [*Exit.*

WIDOW.

Take what relief you plaſe, young Jontleman, what have I to do with dat? He is certainly mad, or out of his ſinſes, for he ſwears he can't *live* without me, and yet he talks of *killing* himſelf? how does he make out dat? If a countryman of mine had made ſuch a blunder, they would have put it into all the news-papers, and Faulkner's Journal beſide; but an Engliſhman may look over the hedge, while an Iriſhman muſt not ſtale a horſe.

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WHITTLE.

I proteſt ſhe puts me into a ſweat; we ſhall have a mob about us.

KECK.

The more the merrier, I ſay—who's afraid?

WIDOW.

How, the people ſtare! as if they never ſaw a woman's voice before; but my vivacity has got the better of my good manners. This, I ſuppoſe, this ſtrange gentleman, is a near friend and relation, and as ſuch, notwithſtanding his apparance, I ſhall always trate him, though I might diſlike him upon a nearer acquaintance.

KECK.

Madam, you do me honour; I like your frankneſs, and I like your perſon, and I envy my friend WHITTLE, and if you were not engaged, and I were not married, I would endeavour to make myſelf agreeable to you, that I would—hugh! hugh!

WIDOW.

And indeed Sir, it would be very *agraable, to me*; for if I ſhould hate you as much as I did my firſt dare husband, I ſhould always have the comfort, that in all human probability, my torments would not laſt long.

KECK.

She utters ſomething more than monoſyllables, friend; this is better than bargain: She has a fine bold way of talking.

WHITTLE.

More bold than welcome! I am ſtruck all of a heap!

WIDOW.

What are you low ſpirited, my dare Mr. WHITTOL? When you were at Scarborough, and winning my affections, you were all mirth and gaiety; and now you have won me, you are as thoughtful about it as if we had been married ſome time.

WHITTLE.

Indeed, Madam, I can't but ſay I am a little thoughtful—we take it by turns; you were very ſorrowful a month ago for the loſs of your huſband, and that you could dry up your tears ſo ſoon, naturally makes me a little thoughtful.

WIDOW.

Indeed, I could dry up my tears for a dozen huſbands when I was ſure of having a tirteenth like Mr. Whittol; that's very natural ſure both in England and Dublin too.

KECK.

She won't die of a conſumption; ſhe has a fine full-ton'd voice, and you'll be very happy, Tom—Hugh! hugh!

WHITTLE.

O yes, very happy.

WIDOW.

But come don't let us be melancholly before the time: I am ſure I have been mop'd up for a year and a half—I was oblig'd to mourn for my firſt huſband, that I might be ſure of a ſecond; and my father kept my ſpirits in ſubjection, as the beſt receipt (he ſaid) for changing a widow into a wife; but now I have my arms and legs at liberty, I muſt and will have my ſwing: now I am out of my cage I could dance two nights together, and a day too, like any finging bird; and I'm in ſuch ſpirits that I have got rid of my father, I could fly over the moon without wings, and back again, before dinner. Bleſs my eyes, and don't I ſee there Miſs Nancy O'Flarty, and her brother, Captain O'Flarty? He was one of my dying Strephons at Scarborough—I have a very grate regard for him, and muſt make him a little miſerable with my happineſs (*curtſeys*)

Come

Come along Skips *(to the ſervants)* don't you be goſtring there; ſhew your liveries, and bow to your maſter that is to be, and to his friend, and hold up your heads, and trip after me as lightly as if you had no legs to your feet. I ſhall be with you again, Jontlemen, in the crack of a fan—O, I'll have a huſband, ay, marry. [*Exit ſinging.*

KECK.

A fine buxom widow, faith! no acquaintance—delicate reſerve--mopes at home--forc'd into the air---inclin'd to a conſumption---What a deſcription you gave of your wife! Why ſhe beats my Sally, Tom.

WHITTLE.

Yes, and ſhe'll beat *me* if I don't take care! What a change is here! I muſt turn about, or this will turn my head: Dance for two nights together, and leap over the moon! you ſhall dance and leap by yourſelf that I am reſolv'd.

KECK.

Here ſhe comes again; it does my heart good to ſee her—You are in luck, Tom.

WHITTLE.

I'd give a finger to be out of ſuch luck.

Enter WIDOW, *&c.*

WIDOW.

Ha! ha! ha! the poor Captain is marched off in a fury: He can't bear to hear that the town has capitulated to you, Mr. Whittol. I have promiſed to introduce him to you: He will make one of my danglers to take a little exerciſe with me, when you take your nap in the afternoon.

WHITTLE.

You ſhan't catch me napping, I aſſure you. What a diſcovery and eſcape I have made! I am in a ſweat with the thought of my danger!

KECK.

KECK

I proteſt Couſin, there goes my wife, and her friend Mr. Mac Brawn. What a fine ſtately couple they are! I muſt after 'em, and have a laugh with them—now they giggle and walk quick, that I may'nt overtake 'em. Madam, your ſervant. You're a happy man, Tom. Keep up your ſpirits, old boy. Hugh! hugh!—who's afraid! [*Exit.*

WIDOW.

I know Mr. Mac Brawn extremely well—He was very intimate at our houſe, in my firſt huſband's time; a great comfort he was to me to be ſure! He would very often leave his claret and companions for a little converſation with me: He was bred at the Dublin Univerſity, and being a very deep ſcholar, has fine talents for a tate a tate.

WHITTLE.

She knows him too! I ſhall have my houſe over-run with the *Mac Brawns*, *O' Shoulders*, and the blood of the *Backwells*: Lord have mercy upon me!

WIDOW.

Pray, Mr. Whittol, is that poor ſpindle-legg'd crater of a couſin of your's, lately married? ha! ha! ha! I don't pity the poor crater his wife, for that agraable cough of his will ſoon reward her for all her ſufferings.

WHITTLE.

What a delivery! a reprieve before the knot was tied. (*aſide.*)

WIDOW

Are you unwell, Mr Whittol? I ſhould be ſorry you would fall ſick before the happy day. Your being in danger afterwards would be a great conſolation to me, becauſe I ſhould have the pleaſure of nurſing you myſelf.

WHITTLE.

WHITTLE.

I hope never to give you that trouble, Madam.

WIDOW.

No trouble at all, at all; I assure you, Sir, from my soul, that I shall take great delight in the occasion.

WHITTLE.

Indeed, Madam, I believe it.

WIDOW.

I don't care how soon, the sooner the better; and the more danger the more honour; I spake from my heart.

WHITTLE.

And so do I from mine, Madam. *(sighs.)*

WIDOW.

But dont let us think of future pleasure, and neglect the present satisfaction. My mantua-maker is waiting for me to chuse my clothes, in which I shall forget the sorrows of Mrs. Brady, in the joys of Mrs. WHITTOL. Tho' I have no fortune myself, I shall bring a tolerable one to you, in debts, Mr. WHITTOL, and which I will pay you tinfold in tinderness; your deep purse, and my open heart, will make us the envy of the little grate ones, and the grate little ones; the people of quality with no souls, and grate souls with no cash at all. I hope you'll meet me at the Pantaon this evening. Lady Rantipton, and her daughter, Miss Nettledown, and Nancy Tittup, with half a dozen *Maccaroonies*, and two *Savoury Vivers*, are to take me there, and we propose a grate deal of chat and merriment, and dancing all night, and all other kind of recreations. I am quite another kind of a crator, now I am a bird in the fields; I can junket about a week together; I have a fine constitution, and am never molested with your nasty vapours; are you ever troubled with vapours, Mr. WHITTOL?

WHITTLE.

WHITTLE.

A little now and then, Madam.

WIDOW.

I'll rattle 'em away like ſmoke! there are no vapours where I come; I hate your dumps, and your nerves and your megrims; and I had much rather break your reſt with a little racketting, than let any thing get into your head that ſhould not be there, Mr. WHITTOL?

WHITTLE.

I will take care that nothing ſhall be in my head, but what ought to be there: What a deliverance? (*aſide.*)

WIDOW. (*Looking at her watch.*

Bleſs me! how the hours of the clock creep away when we are plas'd with our company: but I muſt lave you, for there are half hundred people waiting for me to pick your pocket, Mr. WHITTOL; and there is my own brother, Lieutenant O'Neale, is to arrive this morning, and he is ſo like me, you would not know us aſunder when we are together; you will be very fond of him, poor lad! he lives by his wits, as you do by your fortune, and ſo you may aſſiſt one another. Mr. WHITTOL, your obadient, 'till we meet at the Pantaon. Follow me, Pompey; and Skips do you follow him.

POMPEY.

The Baccararo whiteman no let blacky boy go firſt after you, miſſis, they pull and pinch me.

FOOTMAM.

It is a ſhame, your Ladyſhip, that a black negro ſhould take place of Engliſh chriſtians—we can't follow him, indeed.

WIDOW.

WIDOW.

Then you may follow one another out of my ſervice; if you follow me, you ſhall follow him, for he ſhall go before me; can't I make him your ſuperior, as the laws of the land have made him your equal? therefore reſign as faſt as you plaſe, you ſhan't oppoſe government and keep your places too, that is not good politicks in England or Ireland either, ſo come along Pompay, be after going before me—Mr. WHITTOL, moſt tinderly your's. [*Exit.*

WHITTLE,

Moſt tinderly your's! (*mimicks her.*) 'Ecod I believe you are, and any body's elſe; O what an eſcape have I had! But how ſhall I clear myſelf of this buſineſs? I'll ſerve her as I would bad money, put her off into other hands: My NEPHEW is fool enough to be in love with her, and if I give him a fortune he'll take the good and the bad together—he ſhall do ſo or ſtarve. I'll ſend for BATES directly, confeſs my folly, aſk his pardon, ſend him to my NEPHEW, write and declare off with the WIDOW, and ſo get rid of her *tinderneſs* as faſt as I can. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

A Room in WHITTLE's *Houſe.*

Enter BATES *and* NEPHEW.

NEPHEW. (*taking him by the hand.*)

WE are bound to you for ever, Mr. BATES; I can ſay no more; words but ill expreſs the real feelings of the heart.

BATES.

I know you are a good lad, or I would not have meddled in the matter, but the buſineſs is not yet completed till *Signatum & Sigillatum.*

NEPHEW.

Let me fly to the WIDOW, and tell her how proſperouſly we go on.

BATES.

Don't be in a hurry, young man; ſhe is not in the dark I aſſure you, nor has ſhe yet finiſh'd her part; ſo captial an actreſs, ſhould not be idle in the laſt act.

NEPHEW.

I could wiſh that you would let me come into my Uncle's propoſal at once, without vexing him farther.

BATES.

Then I declare off; thou ſilly young man, are you to be dup'd by your own weak good nature, and his worldly craft; this does not ariſe from his love and juſtice to you, but from his own miſerable ſituation; he muſt be tortur'd into juſtice; he ſhall not only give up your whole eſtate, which he

is loth to part with, but you muſt now have a premium for agreeing to your own happineſs; what ſhall your Widow, with wit and ſpirit, that would do the greateſt honour to our ſex, go thro' her taſk chearfully, and ſhall your courage give way, and be outdone by a woman's?—fie for ſhame!

NEPHEW.

I beg your pardon, Mr. BATES; I will follow your directions; be as hard hearted as my Uncle, and vex his body and mind for the good of his ſoul.

BATES.

That's a good child, and remember that your own and the Widow's future happineſs depends upon your both going through this buſineſs with ſpirit; make your Uncle feel for himſelf, that he may do juſtice to other people. Is the Widow ready for the laſt experiment?

NEPHEW.

She is; but think what anxiety I ſhall feel, while ſhe is in danger?

BATES.

Ha! ha! ha! ſhe'll be in no danger; beſides, ſhan't we be at hand to aſſiſt her; hark! I hear him coming; I'll probe his callous heart to the quick; and if we are not paid for our trouble, ſay I am no politician; fly—now we ſhall do! [*Exit* Nephew.

Enter WHITTLE.

WHITTLE.

Well, Mr. BATES, have you talk'd with my NEPHEW, is not he overjoy'd at the propoſal?

BATES.

The demon of diſcord has been among you, and has untun'd the whole family; you have ſcrew'd him too high; the young man is out of his ſenſes I think,

I think, he ſtares and mopes about, and ſighs; looks at me indeed, but gives very abſurd anſwers; I don't like him.

WHITTLE.

What is the matter, think you?

BATES.

What I have always expected; there is a crack in your family, and you take it by turns! you have had it, and now transfer it to your Nephew; which, to your ſhame be it ſpoken, is the only transfer you have ever made him.

WHITTLE.

But am not I going to do him more than juſtice?

BATES.

As you have done him much leſs than juſtice hitherto, you can't begin too ſoon.

WHITTLE.

Am not I going to give him the lady he likes, and which I was going to marry myſelf?

BATES.

Yes, that is, you are taking a perpetual bliſter off your own back, to clap it upon his; what a tender Uncle you are?

WHITTLE.

But you don't conſider the eſtate which I ſhall give him.

BATES.

Reſtore to him you mean—'tis his own, and you ſhould have given it up long ago; you muſt do more, or old nick will have you; your Nephew won't take the Widow off your hands without a fortune; throw him ten thouſand into the bargain.

WHITTLE.

Indeed but I ſhan't; he ſhall run mad, and I'll marry her myſelf rather than do that; Mr. BATES,

be

be a true friend, and ſooth my Nephew to conſent to my propoſal.

BATES.

You have rais'd the fiend, and ought to lay him; however, I'll do my beſt for you; when the head is turn'd, nothing can bring it right again ſo ſoon as ten thouſand pounds; ſhall I promiſe for you?

WHITTLE.

I'll ſooner go to Bedlam myſelf. [*Exit* BATES.

WHITTLE.

Why I'm in a worſe condition than I was before! If this Widow's father will not let me be off without providing for his daughter, I may looſe a great ſum of money and none of us be the better for it: My Nephew half mad; myſelf half married; and no remedy for either of us.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir Patrick O'Neale is come to wait upon you, would you pleaſe to ſee him?

WHITTLE.

By all means, the very perſon I wanted; don't let him wait. [*Exit ſervant.*

I wonder if he has ſeen my letter to the Widow; I will ſound him by degrees, that I may be ſure of my mark before I ſtrike the blow.

Enter Sir PATRICK.

Sir PATRICK.

Mr. WHIZZLE, your humble ſervant; it gives me great pleaſure, that an old Jontleman of your property, will have the honour of being united with the family of the O'Neal's; we have been too much Jontlemen, not to ſpend our eſtate, as you have made yourſelf a kind of Jontleman by getting one; one runs out one way,

way and t'other runs in another, which makes them both meet at laſt, and keeps up the ballance of Europe.

WHITTLE.

I am much oblig'd to you, Sir PATRICK; I am an old gentleman, you ſay true; and I was thinking——

Sir PATRICK.

And I was thinking if you were ever ſo old, my daughter can't make you young again; ſhe has as fine rich tick blood in her veins, as any in all Ireland. I wiſh you had a ſwate crater of a daughter like mine, that we might make a double croſs of it.

WHITTLE.

That would be a double croſs indeed! (*aſide.*)

Sir PATRICK.

Tho' I was miſerable enough with my firſt wife, who had the devil of a ſpirit, and the very model of her daughter, yet a brave man never ſkrinks from danger, and I may have better luck another time.

WHITTLE.

Yes, but I am no brave man, Sir PATRICK, and I begin to ſhrink already.

Sir PATRICK

I have bred her up in great ſubjection; ſhe is as tame as a young colt, and as tinder as a ſucking chicken; you will find her a true Jontlewoman, and ſo knowing, that you can teach her nothing; ſhe brings every thing but money, and you have enough of that, if you have nothing elſe, and that is what I call the ballance of things.

WHITTLE.

But I have been conſidering your daughter's great deſerts, and my great age——

Sir

Sir PATRICK.

She is a charming crater; I would venture to ſay that, if I was not her father.

WHITTLE.

I ſay, Sir, as I have been conſidering your daughter's great deſerts, and as I own I have great demerits——

Sir PATRICK.

To be ſure you have, but you can't help that; and if my daughter was to mention any thing of a ſneering at your age, or your ſtingineſs, by the ballance of power, but I would make her repate it a hundred times to your face, to make her aſham'd of it; but mum, old gentleman, the devil a word of your infirmities will ſhe touch upon; I have brought her up to ſoftneſs, and to gentleneſs, as a kitten to new milk; ſhe will ſpake nothing but *no*, and *yes*, as if ſhe were dumb; and no tame rabbit or pigeon will keep houſe, or be more inganious with her needle and tambourine.

WHITTLE.

She is vaſtly altered then, ſince I ſaw her laſt, or I have loſt my ſenſes, and in either caſe we had much better, ſince I muſt ſpeak plain, not come together——

Sir PATRICK.

'Till you are married, you mean—with all my heart, it is the more gentale for that, and like our family: I never ſaw lady O'Neale, your mother-in-law, who poor crater is dead, and can never be a mother-in-law again, 'till the week before I married her, and I did not care if I had never ſeen her then, which is a comfort too in caſe of death, or accidents in life.

WHITTLE.

WHITTLE.

But you don't underſtand me, Sir PATRICK, I ſay—

Sir PATRICK.

I ſay, how can that be, when we both ſpake Engliſh?

WHITTLE.

But you miſtake my meaning, and don't comprehend me.

Sir PATRICK

Then you don't comprehend yourſelf, Mr. WHIZZLE, and I have not the gift of propheſy, to find out after you have ſpoke, what never was in you.

WHITTLE.

Let me intreat you to attend to me a little.

Sir PATRICK.

I do attend, man; I don't interrupt you—out with it.

WHITTLE.

Your daughter ——

Sir PATRICK

Your wife that is to to be. Go on—

WHITTLE.

My wife that is *not* to be—Zounds! will you hear me?

Sir PATRICK.

To be, or *not* to be, is that the queſtion? I can ſwear too, if it wants a little of that.

WHITTLE.

Dear Sir PATRICK, hear me. I confeſs myſelf unworthy of her; I have the greateſt regard for you, Sir PATRICK; I ſhould think myſelf honour'd by being in your family, but there are many reaſons—

Sir

Sir PATRICK.

To be ſure there are many reaſons, why an old man ſhould not marry a young woman; but that was your buſineſs and not mine.

WHITTLE.

I have wrote a letter to your daughter, which I was in hopes you had ſeen, and brought me an anſwer to it.

Sir PATRICK.

What the devil, Mr. WHIZZLE, do you make a letter-porter of me? Do you imagine, you dirty fellow, with your caſh, that Sir PATRICK O'NALE would carry your letters? I would have you know that I deſpiſe letters, and all that belong to 'em; nor would I carry a letter to the King, heaven bleſs him, unleſs it came from myſelf.

WHITTLE.

But, dear Sir PATRICK, don't be in a paſſion for nothing.

Sir PATRICK.

What is it nothing to make a penny-poſt man of me? But I'll go to my daughter directly, for I have not ſeen her to-day, and if I find that you have written any thing that I won't underſtand, I ſhall take it as an affront to my family, and you ſhall either let out the noble blood of the O'NALES, or I will ſpill the laſt drop of the red puddle of the WHIZZLES. (*Going and returns*). Harkee, you Mr. WHIZZLE, WHEEZZLE, WHISTLE, what's your name? You muſt not ſtir till I come back; if you offer to ate, drink, or ſleep, till my honour is ſatisfy'd, 'twill be the worſt male you ever took in your life; you had better faſt a year, and die at the end of ſix months, than dare to lave your houſe. So now, Mr. WEEZLE, you are to do as you plaſe. [*Exit.*

WHIT-

WHITTLE.

Now the devil is at work indeed! if ſome miracle don't ſave me, I ſhall run mad like my Nephew, and have a long Iriſh ſword through me into the bargain. While I am in my ſenſes I won't have the woman; and therefore he that is out of them ſhall have her, if I give half my fortune to make the match. THOMAS!

Enter THOMAS.

Sad work, THOMAS!

THOMAS.

Sad work, indeed! why would you think of marrying? I knew what it would come to.

WHITTLE.

Why, what is it come to?

THOMAS.

It is in all the papers,

WHITTLE.

So much the better; then no body will believe it.

THOMAS.

But they come to me to enquire.

WHITTLE.

And you contradict it.

THOMAS.

What ſignifies that? I was telling Lady Gabble's footman at the door juſt now, that it was all a lye, and your Nephew looks out of the two-pair-of-ſtair's window, with eyes all on fire, and tells the whole ſtory: upon that there gather'd ſuch a mob!

WHITTLE.

I ſhall be murder'd, and have my houſe pull'd down into the bargain!

THOMAS.

It is all quiet again. I told them the young man was out of his ſenſes, and that you were out of town

ſo

ſo they went away quietly, and ſaid they would come and mob you another time.

WHITTLE.

Thomas, what ſhall I do?

THOMAS.

Nothing you have done, if you will have matters mend.

WHITTLE.

I am out of my depth, and you won't lend me your hand to draw me out.

THOMAS.

You were out of your depth to fall in love; ſwim away as faſt as you can, you'll be drowned if you marry.

WHITTLE.

I'm frighten'd out of my wits; yes, yes, 'tis all over with me, I muſt not ſtir out of my houſe; but am order'd to ſtay to be murder'd in it for aught I know; what are you muttering, Thomas? prithee ſpeak out, and comfort me.

THOMAS.

It is all a judgement upon you; becauſe your brother's fooliſh will ſays, the young man muſt have your conſent; you won't let him have her, but will marry the Widow yourſelf; that's the dog in the manger; you can't eat the oats, and won't let thoſe who can.

WHITTLE.

But I conſent that he ſhall have both the Widow and the fortune, if we can get him into his right ſenſes.

THOMAS.

For fear I ſhould looſe mine, I'll get out of Bedlam as ſoon as poſſible; you muſt provide yourſelf with another ſervant.

WHITTLE.

The whole earth conſpires againſt me! you ſhall

ſtay

ſtay with me till I die, and then you ſhall have a good legacy, and I won't live long I promiſe you.

[*Knocking at the door.*

THOMAS.

Here are the undertakers already. [*Exit.*

WHITTLE.

What ſhall I do? my head can't bear it; I will hang myſelf for fear of being run thro' the body.

THOMAS *returns with bills.*

Half a ſcore people I never ſaw before with theſe bills, and draughts upon you, for payment, ſign'd Martha Brady.

WHITTLE.

I wiſh Martha Brady was at the bottom of the Thames; what an impudent extravagant baggage to begin her tricks already; ſend them to the devil, and ſay I won't pay a farthing.

THOMAS.

You'll have another mob about the door. [*Going.*

WHITTLE.

Stay, ſtay, THOMAS; tell them I am very buſy, and they muſt come to-morrow morning; ſtay, ſtay, that is promiſing payment; no, no, no—tell 'em they muſt ſtay till I am married, and ſo they will be ſatisfied, and trick'd into the bargain.

THOMAS.

When you are trick'd we ſhall all be ſatisfied. (*Aſide.*

[*Exit* THOMAS.

WHITTLE.

That of all dreadful things I ſhould think of a woman, and that woman ſhould be a Widow, and that Widow ſhould be an Iriſh one; *quem Deus vult perdere*—Who have we here? another of the family, I ſuppoſe.

[WHITTLE *retires.*

Enter

Enter WIDOW, *as Lieutenant* O'NEALE, *seemingly flutter'd and putting up his sword,* THOMAS *following.*

THOMAS.

I hope you are not hurt, Captain.

WIDOW.

O not at all, at all; 'tis well they run away, or I should have made them run faster; I shall teach them how to snigger, and look thro' glasses at their betters; these are your *Maccaroons*, as they call themselves; by my soul but I would have stood still, till I had overtaken them; these whipper-snappers look so much more like girls in breeches, then those I see in petticoats, that fait and trot, it is a pity to hurt 'em; the fair sex in London here seem the most masculine of the two; but to business; friend, where is your master?

THOMAS.

There, Captain; I hope he has not offended you.

WIDOW.

If you are impartinent, Sir, you will offend me; lave the room.

THOMAS.

I value my life too much not to do that —what a raw-bon'd tartar! I wish he had not been caught and sent here. *Aside to his master, and Exit.*

WHITTLE.

Her brother, by all that's terrible! and as like her as two tygers! I sweat at the sight of him; I'm sorry THOMAS is gone; he has been quarrelling already.

WIDOW.

Is your name WHITTOL?

WHITTLE.

My name is WHITTLE, not WHITTOL.

WIDOW.

We shan't stand for trifles—and you were born and christen'd by the name of Thomas?

WHITTLE.

WHITTLE.

So they told me, Sir.

WIDOW.

Then they told no lies, fait; ſo far, ſo good.
(*Takes out a letter.*

Do you know that hand-writing?

WHITTLE.

As well as I know this good friend of mine, who helps me upon ſuch occaſions.
(*Shewing his right hand, and ſmiling.*

WIDOW.

You had better not ſhew your teeth, Sir, 'till we come to the jokes—the hand-writing is your's.

WHITTLE.

Yes, Sir, it is mine. (*Sighs.*

WIDOW.

Death and powder! what do you ſigh for? are you aſham'd or ſorry, for your handy works.

WHITTLE.

Partly one, partly t'other.

WIDOW.

Will you be plas'd, Sir, to rade it aloud, that you may know it again, when you hare it.

WHITTLE (*takes his letter and reads.*)

Madam——(*reads.*)

WIDOW.

Would you be plas'd to let us know what Madam you mean? for woman of quality, and woman of no quality, and woman of all qualities, are ſo mixt together, that you don't know one from t'other, and are all called *Madams*; you ſhould always read the ſubſcription before you open the letter.

WHITTLE.

I beg your pardon, Sir; I don't like this ceremony. (*aſide*) To Mrs. *Brady*, in Pall-Mall.

WIDOW.

WIDOW.

Now profade—fire and powder but I would!—

WHITTLE.

Sir! what's the matter?

WIDOW.

Nothing at all, Sir; pray go on.

WHITTLE. (*reads.*)

Madam—as I prefer your happineſs to the indulgence of my own paſſions——

WIDOW.

I will not prefer *your* happineſs to the indulgence of *my* paſſions—Mr. WHITTOL, rade on.

WHITTLE.

I muſt confeſs that I am unworthy of your charms and virtues——

WIDOW.

Very unworthy indeed; rade on, Sir.

WHITTLE.

I have, for ſome days, had a ſevere ſtruggle, between my juſtice and my paſſion——

WIDOW.

I have had no ſtruggle at all; My juſtice and paſſion are agreed.

WHITTLE.

The former has prevail'd, and I beg leave to reſign you, with all your accompliſhments, to ſome more deſerving, tho' not more admiring ſervant than your moſt miſerable and devoted, THOMAS WHITTLE.

WIDOW.

And miſerable and devoted you ſhall be—to the Poſtſcript; rade on.

WHITTLE.

Poſtſcript: Let me have your pity, but not your anger.

WIDOW.

WIDOW.

In answer to this Love Epistle, you pitiful fellow, my sister presents you with her tindereſt wiſhes, and aſſures you that you have, as you deſire, her pity, and ſhe generouſly throws her contempt too into the bargain.

WHITTLE.

I'm infinitely oblig'd to her.

WIDOW.

I muſt beg leave in the name of all our family to preſent the ſame to you.

WHITTLE.

I am ditto to all the family.

WIDOW.

But as a brache of promiſe to any of our family was never ſuffer'd without a brache into ſomebody's body, I have fix'd upon myſelf to be your operator; and I believe that you will find that I have as fine a hand at this work, and will give you as little pain, as any in the three kingdoms.

[*Sits down and looſens her knee bands.*

WHITTLE.

For heaven's ſake, Captain, what are you about?

WIDOW.

I always looſen my garters for the advantage of lunging; it is for your ſake as well as my own, for I will be twice thro' your body before you ſhall feel me once.

WHITTLE.

What a bloody fellow it is! I wiſh THOMAS would come in.

WIDOW.

Come, Sir, prepare yourſelf, you are not the firſt by half a ſcore, that I have run thro' and thro' the heart, before they knew what was the matter with them.

WHITTLE.

WHITTLE.

But, Captain, ſuppoſe I will marry your ſiſter.

WIDOW.

I have not the leaſt objection if you recover of your wounds; Callagon O'Conner lives very happy with my great aunt, Mrs Deborah O'Neale, in the county of Galloway; except a ſmall Aſthma he got by my runing him thro' the lungs, at the Currough; he would have forſaken her, if I had not ſtopp'd his perfidy, by a famous family ſtiptic I have here; O ho! my little old boy, but you ſhall get it. (*Draws.*

WHITTLE.

What ſhall I do?—well, Sir, if I muſt, I muſt; I'll meet you to-morrow morning in Hyde-Park, let the conſequence be what it will.

WIDOW.

For fear you might forget that favour, I muſt beg to be indulged with a little puſhing now; I have ſet my heart upon it, and two birds in hand, is worth one in the buſhes, Mr. WHITTOL—come, Sir.

WHITTLE.

But I have not ſettled my matters.

WIDOW.

O we'll ſettle 'em in a trice, I warrant you.

(*puts herſelf in a poſition.*

WHITTLE.

But I don't underſtand the ſword; I had rather fight with piſtols.

WIDOW.

I am very happy it is in my power to oblige you; there, Sir, take your choice; I will plaſe you if I can. (*Offers piſtols.*

WHITTLE.

Out of the pan into the fire! there's no putting him off; if I had choſen poiſon, I dare ſwear he had

arſenick

ſtiletto in his pocket; look'ee, young gentleman, I am an old man, and you'll get no credit by killing me; but I have a Nephew as young as yourſelf, and you'll get more honour in facing him.

WIDOW.

Ay, and more pleaſure too—I expect ample ſatisfaction from him, after I have done your buſineſs; prepare, Sir,

WHITTLE.

What the devil! won't one ſerve your turn? I can't fight; and I won't fight; I'll do any thing rather than fight; I'll marry your ſiſter; my Nephew ſhall marry her, I'll give him all my fortune, what would the fellow have? here Nephew! Thomas! murder! murder! (*He flies and ſhe purſues.*

Enter BATES, *and* NEPHEW.

NEPHEW.

What's the matter, Uncle?

WHITTLE.

Murder, that's all; that ruffian there would kill me, and eat me afterwards.

NEPHEW.

I'll find a way to cool him! come out, Sir, I am as mad as yourſelf; I'll match you, I warrant you. (*Going out with him.*

WIDOW.

I'll follow you all the world over. (*Going after him.*

WHITTLE.

Stay, ſtay Nephew; you ſha' t fight, we ſhall be expos'd all over the town, and you may loſe your life, and I ſhall be curs'd from morning to night; do, Nephew, make yourſelf and me happy; be the olive-branch, and bring peace into my family; return to the Widow; I will give you my conſent, and your

fortune, and a fortune for the Widow, five thouſand pounds! do perſuade him, Mr. BATES.

BATES.

Do, Sir, this is a very critical point of your life; I know you love her; 'tis the only method to reſtore us all to our ſenſes.

NEPHEW.

I muſt talk in private firſt, with this hot young gentleman.

WIDOW.

As private as you plaſe, Sir.

WHITTLE.

Take their weapons away, Mr. BATES; and do you follow me to my ſtudy, to witneſs my propoſal; it is all ready, and only wants ſigning; come along, come along. [*Exit.*

BATES.

Victoria! victoria! give me your ſwords and piſtols; and now do your worſt; you ſpirited loving young couple; I could leap out of my ſkin! [*Exit.*

THOMAS, (*peeping in.*)

Joy, joy to you, ye fond charming pair! the fox is caught, and the young lambs may ſkip and play; I leave you to your tranſports! [*Exit.*

NEPHEW,

O' my charming Widow! what a day have we gone thro'?

WIDOW.

I would go thro' ten times as much, to deceive an old amorous ſpark, like your uncle, to purchaſe a young one, like his Nephew.

NEPHEW.

I liſten'd at the door all this laſt ſcene; my heart was agitated with ten thouſand fears; ſuppoſe my Uncle had been ſtout, and drawn his ſword.

WIDOW.

WIDOW.

I ſhould have run away as he did; when two cowards meet, the ſtruggle is who ſhall run firſt; and ſure I can beat an old man at any thing.

NEPHEW.

Permit me thus to ſeal my happineſs. (*kiſſes her hand.*) and be aſſur'd that I am as ſenſible, as I think myſelf undeſerving of it.

WIDOW,

I'll tell you what, Sir; were I not ſure you deſerv'd ſome pains, I would not have taken any pains for you; and don't imagine now, becauſe I have gone a little too far for the man I love, that I ſhall go a little too far when I'm your wife; indeed I ſhan't: I have done more than I ſhould, before I am your wife, becauſe I was in deſpair; but I won't do as much as I may, when I am your wife; tho' every Iriſh woman is fond of imitating Engliſh faſhions.

NEPHEW.

Thou divine, adorable woman!

(*Kneels and kiſſes her hand.*

Enter WHITTLE, *and* BATES. (WHITTLE *ſtares.*

BATES.

Confuſion! (*aſide.*

WHITTLE. (*turning to* BATES.

Hey day! I am afraid his head is not right yet! he was kneeling and kiſſing the Captain's hand,

[*Aſide to* BATES.

BATES.

Take no notice, all will come about.

[*Aſide to* WHITTLE.

WIDOW.

I find, Mr. WHITTOL, your family loves kiſſing better than fighting; he ſwears I am as like my ſiſter, as two pidgeons: I could excuſe his raptures, for I had

had rather fight the beſt friend I have, than ſlobber and ſalute him a la francoiſe.

Enter Sir PATRICK O'NEALE.

Sir PATRICK.

I hope, Mr WHIZZLE, you'll excuſe my coming back to give you an anſwer, without having any to give; I hear a grate dale of news about myſelf, and came to know if it be true; they ſay my ſon is in London, when he tells me himſelf by letter here, that he's at Limerick; and I have been with my daughter to tell her the news but ſhe would not ſtay at home to receive it, ſo I am come—*O gra ma chree my little din ouſil craw*, what have we got here? a piece of mummery! here is my ſon and daughter too, fait; what are you waring the breeches, PAT, to ſee how they become you when you are Mrs. WEEZEL.

WIDOW.

I beg your pardon for that, Sir! I wear them before marriage, becauſe, I think they become a woman better than after.

WHITTLE.

What, is not this your ſon? (*aſtoniſhed.*)

Sir PATRICK.

No, but it is my daughter, and that is the ſame thing.

WIDOW.

And your Niece, Sir, which is better than either.

WHITTLE.

Mighty well! and I ſuppoſe *you* have not loſt your wits, young man!

NEPHEW.

I ſimpathize with you, Sir; we loſt 'em together, and found 'em at the ſame time.

WHITTLE.

Here's villany! Mr. BATES, give me the paper; not a farthing ſhall they have 'till the law gives it 'em.

BATES.

BATES.

We'll cheat the law and give it them now.

(*Gives* NEPHEW *the paper.*

WHITTLE.

He may take his own, but he ſhan't have a ſixpence of the five thouſand pounds I promis'd him.

BATES.

Witneſs, good folks, he owns to the promiſe,

Sir PATRICK.

Fait I'll witneſs dat, or any thing elſe in a good cauſe.

WHITTLE.

What, am I chous'd again!

BATES.

Why ſhould not my friend be chous'd out of a little juſtice for the firſt time? Your hard uſage has ſharpen'd your Nephew's wits, therefore beware, don't play with edge-tools—you'll only cut your fingers.

Sir PATRICK.

And your trote too, which is all one; therefore, to make all azy, marry my daughter firſt, and then quarrel with her afterwards; that will be in the natural courſe of things.

WHITTLE.

Here, THOMAS! where are you?

Enter THOMAS.

WHITTLE.

Here are fine doings! I am deceiv'd, trick'd, and cheated!

THOMAS.

I wiſh you joy, Sir; the beſt thing could have happen'd to you; and as a faithful ſervant I have done my beſt to check you.

WHITTLE.

To check me!

THOMAS.

You were galloping full ſpeed, and down hill too,

and

and if we had not laid hold of the bridle, being a bad jockey, you would have hung by your horns in the ſtirrup, to the great joy of the whole town.

WHITTLE.

What have *you* help'd to trick me?

THOMAS.

Into happineſs; You have been fooliſh a long while, turn about and be wiſe; he has got the woman and his eſtate, give them your bleſſing, which is not worth much, and live like a chriſtian for the future.

WHITTLE.

I will if I can; but I can't look at 'em; I can't bear the ſound of my voice, nor the ſight of my own face: Look ye, I am diſtreſs'd, and diſtracted! and can't come too yet; I will be reconcil'd if poſſible; but don't let me ſee or hear from you, if you would have me forget and forgive you—I ſhall never lift up my head again!

WIDOW.

I hope, Sir PATRICK, that my prefering the Nephew to the Uncle will meet with your approbation; tho' we have not ſo much money, we ſhall have more love; one mind and half a purſe, in marriage, are much better than two minds and two purſes. I did not come to England, nor keep good company, till it was too late to get rid of my country prejudices.

Sir PATRICK.

You are out of my hands, PAT, ſo if you won't trouble me with your afflictions, I ſhall ſincerely rejoice at your felicity.

NEPHEW.

It would be a great abatement of my preſent joy, could I believe that this lady ſhould be aſſiſted in her happineſs, or be ſupported in her afflictions by any one but her lover and huſband.

Sir

Sir PATRICK.

Fine notions are fine things, but a fine eſtate gives every ting but ideas, and them too, if you'll appale to thoſe who help you to ſpend it—what ſay you, Widow?

WIDOW.

By your, and their permiſſion, I will tell my mind to this good company; and for fear my words ſhould want ideas too, I will add an Iriſh tune, that may carry off a bad voice, and bad matter.

SONG.

A Widow bewitch'd with her paſſion,
Tho' Iriſh, is now quite aſhamed,
To think that ſhe's ſo out of faſhion,
To marry and then to be tamed:
'Tis love the dear joy,
That old-faſhion'd boy,
Has got in my breaſt with his quiver;
The blind urchin he,
Struck the *Cuſh la maw cree*,
And a huſband ſecures me for ever!
Ye *Fair Ones* I hope will excuſe me,
Though vulgar pray do not abuſe me;
I cannot become a fine lady,
O love has bewitch'd WIDOW BRADY.

II.

Ye *Critics* to murder ſo willing,
Pray ſee all our errors with blindneſs;
For once change your method of killing,
And kill a fond Widow with kindneſs;
If you look ſo ſevere,
In a fit of deſpair,
Again I will draw forth my ſteel, Sirs:
You know I've the art,
To be twice through your heart,
Before I can make you to feel, Sirs:
Brother *Soldiers* I hope you'll protect me.
Nor let cruel critics diſſect me,
To favour my cauſe be but ready,
And grateful you'll find WIDOW BRADY.

Ye

III.

Ye fanciers of dreſs and the faſhions,
Who gallop poſt haſte to your taſte,
Whoſe taſte has deſtroy'd all your paſſions,
Pray what do you think of my wooing?
You call it damn low,
Your heads and arms ſo,
So liſtleſs, ſo looſe, and ſo lazy;
But ſay what can you,
That I cannot do?
O fie, *my dear craters be eazy:*
Ye *Patriots* and *Planters* ſo hearty,
To ſpeech it and vote for your party,
For once be both conſtant and ready,
And vote to ſupport WIDOW BRADY.

IV.

To all that I ſee here before me,
The bottom, the toe, and the middle,
For muſic we now muſt implore you,
No wedding without pipe and fiddle;
If all are in tune,
Pray let it be ſoon;
My heart in my boſom is prancing!
If your hands ſhould unite,
To give us delight,
O that's the beſt piping and dancing!
Your plaudits to me are a treaſure,
Your ſmiles are a dow'r for a lady;
O joy to you all in full meaſure,
So wiſhes, and prays WIDOW BRADY.

FINIS.